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## THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN.

'No, sir, no letters, sir! Breakfast on the table, sir!' and with a wave of his napkin that reminded me of the flourish a conjuror gives to the handkerchief under cover of which he has balanced a bowl of fish on a thin stick, the waiter revealed to my eyes not only fish, but ham, eggs, and a coffee-pot as well. This sight was sufficiently satisfactory, but the announcement of no letters was a very decided nuisance, for I was neither more nor less than a prisoner; a miserable captive in the hands of the Welsh, and was waiting for my ransom. The fact was, that after a walking-tour of some weeks, I had arrived in Bangor the previous evening, with my knapsack well stocked with ferns—common, as I afterwards discovered, to all parts of the United Kingdom—with several specimens of the British butterfly (*Papilio vulgaris*), with a book full of water-colour sketches not greatly worth looking at, and with no money worth speaking of at all; for, in the confident expectation of finding a remittance awaiting me here, I had allowed my balance of cash to sink so low, that even if I had lost it, the fall to actual penury would have been anything but a severe one.

Under these circumstances, a day's delay in the arrival of the money was annoying, but still—it was certain to come the next day; Bangor was a place of considerable interest, and here was a fine opportunity for thoroughly doing it. So, breakfast over, I set to work at once, and really when you do regularly set to work upon a thing, it's surprising how soon you get it done. When you fling yourself heartily into the business, it's finished in no time, at least Bangor was: done from one end to the other and back again. The Docks, the Cathedral, the Menai Bridge, and the Tubular—the Tubular Bridge, the Menai, the Cathedral, and the Docks. And what on earth was I to do next? Luncheon! of course. So I returned to the hotel, and lunched. It was early in the season; I was almost the only person staying in the hotel, and hence enjoyed a great part of the waiter's attention. I asked the waiter

whether there were any objects of interest in the neighbourhood. The waiter, taking this opportunity of clearing himself from any suspicion I might have had that he was a native of the Principality, informed me that he was born in London, that his last place had been a well-known theatrical house-of-call not far from Drury Lane—to this connection he doubtless owed a habit he had of occasionally illuminating his conversation with quotations from Shakspeare—that he had only come to Bangor at the end of last season, and proposed leaving it at the end of this; and then, in answer to my question, mentioned Slate Quarries.

As I felt certain that I should have to tip somebody if I visited those excavations, I told the waiter I did not care for slate quarries. The waiter proceeded to speak of a model village close at hand. There would be no getting away from a model village, of course, without paying for my footing; so I affected a complete indifference for model villages, and, I fear, led the waiter to conclude that I had two or three of them on my own property at home. The waiter next hinted at a museum, and mentioned, in glowing terms, a mummy and a sword-fish as being chief amongst the curiosities therein contained. Supposing that there were nothing to pay, the museum might have done, so I asked if there were any entrance-fee. The waiter replied that there was, whereupon I told him that I could not visit the museum, as, in my opinion, all such establishments ought to be free, in order that the lower classes might improve their minds with mummies and sword-fishes at no expense to themselves. The waiter said that the charge was very small. I replied that it was not the sum but the principle to which I objected.

How I got through the rest of the day, I scarcely know. I fancy in the evening I smoked myself into a comatose state upon the pier, in the company of an old sailor, who, under the impression, apparently, that I was in the marines, gave me an account of a mermaid which he had seen in latitude—it really does not matter what; the reader may allow himself what latitude he likes

—and at the conclusion asked me to stand something. As I thought that I had already stood enough in listening to his story, I gave him a cigar, and returned to the hotel, and I remember resolving, before I went to bed, that sooner than stay in Bangor for another day, I would dispose of my sketches to the highest bidder, and let my butterflies go for what they would fetch.

'Two letters for you, sir,' said the waiter, as I entered the coffee-room next morning. The money at last, surely. No! upon my honour! One from Kitty, with any amount of love in it, but, of course, no money; and this—who on earth is this from? Oh, Merton. Pleasant, by Jove! Another day here now. No help for it. For I need scarcely say that any notions I may have had of the money value of my sketches had vanished with the morning light. So, just to spite the evil fortune that kept me prisoner, I ordered the most extravagant breakfast I could possibly think of, and ate it with the somewhat consoling reflection, that I was superior to circumstances. When one is anxiously expecting a particular letter which still does not arrive, how its absence detracts from the pleasure which other letters would at another time afford! There were love and friendship ready to my hand, and I turned but cold glances upon both. I protest I value Kitty's affection above—far above nuggets. I esteem one glance of her eye superior to the sparkle of diamonds, and untold gold could not repay me for the loss of a smile of hers; and yet I confess that that morning I occasionally skipped a sentence or so in those eight pages of crossed love—don't misunderstand me; it was the writing only that was crossed—and it was with more than my usual pleasure that I received the assurance that she was my own affectionate Kitty.

Where love obtained so cold a welcome, it may be supposed that friendship came but poorly off. I opened Merton's letter savagely, and mentally criticised the contents as I read: 'How are you getting on?' [What a senseless question!] 'Done many sketches? Take care how you carry them in your knapsack. Pack them always in the middle—in *medio*, &c.; you know the rest.' [Don't believe he does.] 'Knew a man once'—[By Jove! he's going to tell a story.] 'carried them next his back—perspired freely—came to unpack them at the end of his journey—sketches all spoiled—stained with perspiration. "Ha!" said I, "you use body-colour, I see"—riled him awfully.' [Very poor joke, it seems to me.] 'We miss you at the cricket-matches.' [He generally does miss people at cricket-matches.] 'Played the Biddlestone last week, and what do you think?' [Why, that you got a tremendous thrashing.] 'They beat us in one innings.' [Said so.] 'Mr Jenkins asked after you; told him that you had been all over Wales. "All over weals!" said he, mistaking my meaning. "Has any one been dropping on him, sir?" Too good a joke to spoil by an explanation.' [Well, I can't see it.] 'Left him in his error, and he was much concerned, but hopeful that change of air might remove all traces of your misfortune.' [Very kind of Jenkins.] 'Dined at Sir Nicholas's on Monday night—met Hawkins there and his niece—and what do

you think?' [What do I think, again: idiotic phrase.] 'Hawkins's niece has been through the Devil's Kitchen!'

This was such an astounding piece of news, that I dropped the letter. What on earth, or under the earth, does he mean? 'The Devil's Kitchen?' I pronounced the words so audibly that a very meek-looking clergyman, the only person besides myself in the room, who was about to seat himself at the table next mine, started violently, worked himself to the furthest corner of the room by a succession of shudders, and having ordered coffee, eggs, and a muffin, sat down and stared at me in a mournful manner over the top of the *Record*.

Been through the Devil's Kitchen! Hawkins's niece! I remembered the girl distinctly—tall, black-eyed, good-looking girl, but forward; always struck me as remarkably forward. There was some story about her having run away from school with the dancing-master; knew for certain that she had been engaged five times in four years; greatly feared that she'd make some absurd match some day; indeed, should not have been much surprised to hear that she'd run—but, upon my life, gone through the—I couldn't understand it; and I turned to the letter again, a course which, if I had only taken it before, would have rendered this injurious soliloquy unnecessary. The Devil's Kitchen, Merton informed me, was the name given to a chasm high up in the mountains which separate the Pass of Llanberis from the Pass of Nant Frangon; and through this chasm, according to Merton, whose authority, I suppose, was Hawkins's niece, it is possible for a clever mountaineer to make his way from one Pass to the other. He added that the Welsh called the place *Twl-Dd*. Here, then, was a way of passing a day, instead of sauntering it over in Bangor. I could only be about ten miles from the scene of action. I would walk there, get through the Kitchen and back again, and return to Bangor in time for dinner. I would start at once. It might, however, be advisable to procure some directions as to the locality a little more definite than Merton's.

'Waiter!'

'Sir.'

'Where's the Devil's Kitchen?'

'Beg pardon, sir.'

'Where is the Devil's Kitchen?'

'Well, really, sir—upon my word, sir—might hazard a conjecture, but—humbletonable to hears polite, sir.'

The menial evidently thought I was joking; so I assumed a stern expression of countenance, and explained that, as I was given to understand, there was a chasm in the mountains not far from here which was called the Devil's Kitchen; and that, as I wished to visit it, if he could give me no information about the place himself, he had better go below, and make inquiries.

'Certainly, sir,' said the waiter. 'Most unpleasant name, sir. Shakespeare says: "What's in a name"—

'Will you go at once,' said I, interrupting him, 'and inquire the exact locality of the—'

'Devil's Kitchen, sir; yes, sir,' said the waiter, interrupting me in my turn, and going off promptly on his mission.

'Stay, though,' I called out; 'perhaps they might know it better by its Welsh name—the Welsh call it *Twl-Dd*.'

'Now, do they though, sir?' said the waiter, turning reflectively. 'Toot Jew! Well, now, I should

very much like to know what led 'em to take that line; what they think they mean by that in the abstract.'

As my face, however, shewed no desire to speculate on the subject, he turned once more, and went off hastily. He soon returned with full particulars. I was first of all to go to the Falls of the Ogwen, about ten miles from Bangor; and when there, instead of turning to the left, with the road along the bank of Llyn Ogwen, I was to take a footpath in front, and walk for half a mile till I came to Llyn Idwal. Then looking across the lake, I should see in the side of the mountain a black cleft. This was the Devil's Kitchen, or the Black Hole, as the guides called it. But perhaps I would like a guide.

Certainly not.

Would I not have a car to the Falls of the Ogwen?

No; I intended to walk.

At what time would I wish a car to meet me there in the evening?

At no time; I meant to walk back.

Perhaps I would excuse the waiter's remarking that hover-fatigue was not calculated to—

'Fill that brandy-flask.'

'Yes, sir. Pale or brown?—Pale! certainly, sir.'

Should I consider it a liberty in the waiter, just returned with the brandy, if he were to call to my recollection the case of the young Hoxford gentleman, who, overtaken by a fog at the summit of an 'even-kissing' ill, as Shakspeare says, lost his way and his footing, and was found at the bottom of a precipice, with both his eyes egstracted by the birds, and his face cut into—

'Sandwiches.'

'Certainly, sir. 'Am or beef?—'Am! yes, sir.'

So I set off, victualled for my voyage, and happy to turn my back upon my place of captivity even for a few hours. It was a delightful morning, with a bright sun, a fresh wind, and flying clouds that might turn into rain or might not—that probably would be everything by turns, but nothing long. I was in good walking trim, and as I was without the knapsack that had hung at my back daily for the last month, till it had grown to seem one of the natural fardels of my walk through life, I felt lighter than human as I marched along. Away I went, leaving Bangor and my bill behind me; the town changed into the country—the luxuriant country of fields and hedgerows, trees and crops of grass, and gentle undulations. Gradually the undulations became less and less gentle, the road was forced to twist and turn, in order to take advantage of the ground, the grass became thinner, the trees stumper. Far below me on one side dashed a noisy brook; far above me on the other some wild-looking sheep were feeding; then a bend in the road, the Pass opened fairly before me, mountains on the right hand and on the left, and at the end the semicircle of mountains in whose lap is Llyn Idwal, and somewhere in whose recesses is the Devil's Kitchen, gone through by Hawkins's niece. The road, a fine broad high-road, ascended terrace-like, gradually but surely, so that, after a time, I seemed to be walking about half-way between the top of the mountain and the foot. Voices of invisible children high above me on my left; bark of an invisible dog a long way below me on my right; a flock of sheep crossing the road at full gallop, and taking the walls on either hand like Irish hunters; a temperance public-house; a Welshwoman, with an enormously thick waist, and

ankles to match; a shepherd, in apparently hopeless pursuit of the sheep; and now, as I get near the head of the Pass, a sound of falling water, a slight curve of the road, and here are the Falls of Ogwen, and the road turning to the left along the shore of the lake. I leave the road, strike the footpath, and follow it as directed, till I come to a stop upon the shore of a gloomy black-waved mere, which looks, with its savage surroundings, like a place 'where no one comes or hath come since the making of the world.' There it lies 'among the tumbled fragments of the hills,' the gaunt mountains with their heads muffled in clouds hemming it in, the whole scene an awful solitude, an intense silence. I stand half-appalled by the heaven-abandoned look of everything about me; and as my eyes wander from one point of desolation to another, they perceive, high up in the mountain, on the further side of the lake, a black cleft. There it is, the Twl-Dû of the Welsh, the Black Hole of the guides, the Devil's Kitchen of Hawkins's niece. Weather appropriate to the place set in at once. A melancholy wind passed moaning by, working the black water into waves; the mountains drew their clouds still further down, as if preparing for dirty weather; and the rain came on with a rush. There was nothing to be done but wait; so I sat down underneath a rock, put up my umbrella, lighted a pipe, and reflected that, although the owner of the Kitchen had to my mind an indisputable right to the surrounding property, yet the whole affair looked as if it had been for centuries in some infernal Court of Chancery, such a scene was it of wrack and ruin. There is something particularly weird and unearthly about Llyn Idwal. I can better fancy one of 'the Table Round' looking after a dragon, or hunting up an enchanter upon the shores of Idwal, than anywhere else I know. The place has a strange look of unreality about it: the lake looks a legendary lake; and the mists upon the mountains seem like the mists of antiquity, which, having allowed themselves to be rolled back for a moment in order to give us a peep into the past, are again creeping gradually over the scene, and hiding it from our view. Turning for a moment to look the way I had come, I could see Carnedd Dafydd, rising at the head of Llyn Ogwen, with little dashes of sunshine like smiles here and there about him; and although he had one cloud upon his head, and another generally about his chest, yet he took the rough with the smooth like a man, and looked, on the whole, a good-humoured well-to-do mountain; but Llyn Idwal's mountains hugged their clouds about them, refusing to be comforted; and even when the rain stopped, as it did after about three-quarters of an hour's sharp practice, they only looked as if they had found that weeping brought no relief to them, and that theirs was an anguish too deep for tears.

However, the rain was over at last, and it was time for me to begin my work. The first thing to do was to get to the other side of the lake, and this, I found, took some little time, inasmuch as the shore of the lake had a habit of running to marsh at every possible opportunity, which compelled the traveller to make a much wider circuit than, uninfluenced by bog, he would have done; and as this circuit obliged him to take his way among the rocks at the base of the mountain, it struck me, when at length I gained the opposite side, and was ready to begin my ascent, that Hawkins's niece must, for a lady, be a very fair walker. If walking



round the lake takes some time, climbing up the mountain takes still longer. Great rocks lie tumbled everywhere around, and you have to clamber over them, or between them, as you can, hands and feet all at work—'Dear me!' I thought, 'Hawkins's niece must be remarkably active'—and then you come to what is still worse, loose stones, that give way beneath your feet, troubling you far more than the large firm rocks did—'Hang it!' I muttered, 'Hawkins's niece must have considerable powers of endurance'—then come the big rocks again, scattered about among the loose stones, and as you work along, the crags grow decidedly bigger, and the rubble seems to yield more and more, till at last you stand, hot and panting, at the mouth of the Devil's Kitchen. 'Confound it! what excellent wind Hawkins's niece must have!' I gasped as I sat down for a few minutes, and stared into a narrow passage between two walls of rock, which go up more roughly, of course, but quite as perpendicularly as the walls of a house for nearly one hundred yards. The passage is some five yards wide, has no roof but the sky, and, as regards the floor, is merely paved with—well, perhaps with good intentions, but intentions certainly unfulfilled, for heaps of great stones appear to have been shot into it, and there left. In fact, the chasm is the bed of a torrent which must once have dashed with tremendous force through it, since rocks so huge that one would think nothing less than the Deluge could have stirred them, are piled up and jammed together in awful confusion. The river, however, which made this bed, disdains to lie in it in these degenerate days, and is at present represented by a comparatively small stream, whose voice, like that of many a noisy demagogue accustomed to thunder and bluster at Westminster, would attract no attention but for the place in which it speaks, and the extent of whose doing is to brawl along, irritably splashing everything near it, but never moving a stone. As I sat for a short time to recover breath at the entrance of this cheerful place, I could not but confess that the name was very appropriate, particularly as close by me, in the very mouth of the Kitchen, lay a poor lost sheep, that could have fallen over the rocks but a few hours before, while high above his prey some large bird was making great circles in the air, as watchful as the Devil, and as silent as Death.

Leaving the hapless mutton to its fate, I resumed my work, and entered the Kitchen; and although the rocks inside the chasm were heaped together in more utter confusion than those on the side of the mountain, just as a stream when confined by narrow banks leaps and rushes more wildly than when its waters have wider room, yet I met with nothing so difficult as to prevent a lady possessed of great activity and good ankles from surmounting it, till I had clambered on for about sixty yards, when I was brought to a sudden stand-still. The obstacle was a huge flat rock inclined a little from you, extending entirely from one side of the chasm to the other, but not reaching to the ground—that is to say, to the stones upon which you are standing—by at least five feet; so that you find yourself in front of a cavern, the top of which is formed by this rock like a very steep roof of a house. How ever did Hawkins's niece pass this? I thought. The roof looked impossible; so I put up my umbrella, and entered the cavern, through which the stream was rushing as if Diabolus had determined to clean his Kitchen in the same way that

Hercules cleaned the Augean stable. Down came the water through the sides and through the top, knocking the umbrella almost out of my hand, stunning me with the roar, and driving me out in a very short time wet through, and under the impression that I had heard some one at the entrance of the Kitchen shouting and calling me by my name.

Dismissing this uncomfortable idea at once, I next examined the rock, which looked as wet and slippery, and about as easy to climb up, as the roof of a church after a heavy shower. 'Well,' I thought, 'I'd give something to see Hawkins's niece get up that; it's impossible.' So I dashed into the cave again, groped round it, examined it as well as I could for the water, and came out wetter, if possible, than ever, and more than ever convinced that Hawkins's niece never went that way, or that if she did, she must have had the assistance of the Genius Loci. This conviction left me but one conclusion—Hawkins's niece must have gone over the rock; and this conclusion left me but one course—I must go the same way that Hawkins's niece did. So fastening my umbrella to my button-hole, and muttering between my clenched teeth that if there was one woman I detested more than another, it was Hawkins's niece; and that if I broke my neck, my blood—or rather my fracture—would be on her head, I managed, by means of my finger-nails and toes, to place myself in such a position against the right-hand wall as to be able to throw myself forward upon the wet rock, and hook my fingers into a crack in the stone. That done, I pulled my body up till I could hook on in a fresh place, and from that to another, till I grasped the top of the rock, and rose to my feet triumphant. 'Victoria!' I shouted as I turned to look back at the rock; 'but is it possible that Hawkins's niece climbed over that?' A comparatively easy bit succeeded this, and I with singing cheered the way; but after clambering on for five minutes longer, as I merged from a partially subterranean passage, the song of triumph died upon my lips, and I cried: 'What on earth did Hawkins's niece do now?' I was in a blind alley, a thorough *cul de sac*. The walls met and joined without becoming a jot less rigidly perpendicular; straight up, black and wet, they rose to the very top of the mountain; and over a huge rock which lay across the chasm, more than two hundred feet above me, the water streamed in a skeleton cataract. In fact, the Kitchen ended in an immense shower-bath. Impassable as this looked, I was determined not to miss any hole or passage by means of which Hawkins's niece might have overcome the difficulty, so, putting up my umbrella once more, I crept under the water-fall; but the rock, though slightly hollowed out by the water, was rock impenetrable; the bare wall drove me back; the stream battered my unhappy umbrella this way and that; and at last, feeling myself completely beaten, hating Hawkins's niece above all other women, with my boots and pockets filled with water, and with the pleasant prospect of having to get down that exceedingly nasty place that I had got up, I turned, and began my retreat. Foiled and dispirited as I was, I could not but take notice of the awful beauty of the place in which I stood. The black precipices on three sides of me; the chasm bridged over by the rock that no human hand had ever placed there; the strip of bright blue sky above, and the sunlight—like

Divine mercy faithful to the end—sparkling on the stream, as it turned and flung itself into the everlasting gloom. Looking down through the mouth of the place, I could see the sun shining upon the grassy mountains far away, and on the rocky ones nearer at hand—all of them, however rugged, appearing tame compared with the Nature-in ruins sort of den in which I was, where the sunbeams never penetrated, nor—nor Hawkins's niece either, for the matter of that.

'I don't believe a word of it,' I cried out, as I picked my way back along this road of ruin. 'Merton must have misunderstood her. She can't have got through here to the Pass of Llanberris; it's absurd. But if she did tell him so, why, either I've got into the wrong place—intending to get into the Kitchen, have by some mistake penetrated to the scullery or the coal-cellar; and it looks uncommonly like it—or else Hawkins's niece, finding herself in the Devil's Kitchen, thought she would try her hand at the cooking proper to the place, and so cooked her account. For does any reasonable creature, can any one not a lunatic believe that Hawkins's niece'—

But here I came to the nasty bit, to get down which required all my attention. However, the *descensus Averni* is proverbially *facilis*, and I was sufficiently reckless after my disappointment to prevent my 'thinking too precisely on the event;' so that, in a short time, I found myself at the mouth of the cavern again, with no further accident than the breaking of two ribs—of my umbrella, and the fracture of my watch-glass. After that, as there was no Eurydice behind me to make my head turn round, nor any place precipitous enough to do that for me either, I was soon outside the Devil's Kitchen. One draught from the Infernal river, the oblivious properties of which—supposing it to be own brother to Lethe—I endeavoured to counteract by a strong infusion of brandy, and I descended the mountain, passed the gloomy tarn, the very picture, in its blackness and silence, of a lake in Hades, and gained the high-road. But with regard to my walk back to Bangor, either the water I had drunk was Lethe-water after all, or perhaps I had overdone the counteractive, who knows?—at any rate, I recollect very little of it except that it seemed a terrible length, and that, when I came in sight of the hotel, I found the waiter standing on the steps with his napkin thrown over his left shoulder, after the fashion of Hamlet's cloak, and with all the look of a man mentally addressing a grave-digger.

'Glad to see you back, sir,' said he. 'Almost thought you'd come to a huntimely end, sir. Dinner, sir? certainly, sir. Letter for you by the hafternoon mail, sir.'

A letter for me! Here! Where is it?—Hurrah! The money at last. 'DEAR T.—I enclose you a ten-pound note, which I hope will reach you safely. We are glad to hear that you have enjoyed your tour in'—[Ah, yes! &c.] 'Agnes hopes that you have not forgotten her ferns, and that they will be of those kinds only to be found in mountain'—[Just so, I've got them.] 'A very sad thing'—[Here! what's this? Hallo!]'—a very sad thing has happened here to a family we know well. You remember Mr Hawkins's niece, a tall, good-looking girl, with black eyes? Well, we have just heard this morning—it really seems quite dreadful to write it—that she has run away with Sir Nicholas Hackles's man-cook, a Frenchman. If this be true'—

True! Of course, it's true. Run away with the French cook—Nick's French cook! There's the result of visiting the Devil's Kitchen!

## NOMENCLATURE.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

How man first became endowed with the faculty of speech, is one of those questions which never can receive a satisfactory solution, but must be considered as one of those gifts which he received from the Creator when at first He 'formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' Having been once endowed with this faculty, the germ would be fostered by the co-ordinate powers of imitation and invention. Every sighing of the wind, every rustle of the leaves among the trees of the garden, and still more, every call of the beasts, every note of the birds amid the bowers of Eden, would add to his vocabulary. And it is on record that 'Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof;' doubtless in many cases suggested by the sound of their voices.

But there must have been a mighty bar to the full enjoyment of this great gift, so long as it remained confined to one solitary individual, and the boon must have been a very barren one without its congenial reciprocal; witness the experience of Selkirk:

I am out of humanity's reach;

I must finish my journey alone,

Never hear the sweet music of speech—

I start at the sound of my own.

Campbell touches the very chord necessary to complete the harmony:

In vain the wild bird caroled o'er the steep,

To hail the sun, low-wheeling from the deep;

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,

And man the hermit sighed till woman smiled.

After which acquisition, it requires no stretch of imagination to suppose that the progress of language would be rapid indeed. But not long after, another potent auxiliary in the formation of speech arrived in the form of a tiny stranger, who, before many revolutions of the moon, invented a new word, *mam mam*, which retains its original signification to the present day, and which, joined to the next articulation of *dad dad*, laid the foundation for that wide-spread structure of language which for six thousand years has continued to be piled thereupon. But this young philologist was not only an inventor himself, but the cause of invention in others, for whoever has listened to a young mother fondling her first-born child, can be at no loss to account for an unending flow of endearing terms, perfectly original, and invented quite independently of rule or system.

The history of our own language, on account of the far-extending sources whence it has been derived, and the vicissitudes it has undergone, is one of the most interesting subjects to which a student can apply his mind. The language used by the original inhabitants of this island was the ancient Celtic, which still exists in the three kindred dialects of Gaelic, Welsh, and Erse. It is remarkable how stubbornly this language has

refused to amalgamate with those subsequently introduced into these islands. It is believed that there are fewer words in ordinary use in common English derived from this than from any other written language in the world, and yet, like the old Celtic breed, it retains its hold, and is supposed to be still spoken and sung, with little variation, since the days when Ossian 'struck his harp in praise of Bragela among the dark-brown hills of Morven and Mora.' The genius of this language seems peculiarly indigenous to the hills, where it was driven and confined by the invading Saxon, and to which it clings with all the tenacity of their native heather.

Being utterly ignorant of this language, I am quite incapable of giving an opinion as to its merits. The people whose mother-tongue it is, are loud in its praises, both with regard to its poetic grandeur of expression and its antiquity. They even claim, in the latter respect, that it was the language spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise, and assert in earnest what the following lines hint in joke :

When lovely Eve, in beauty's bloom,  
First met fond Adam's view,  
The first words that he spoke to her  
Were: 'Gu ge mar tha u!'

which Gaelic words, being interpreted, mean: 'How are you to-day?' The Saxon dialect of Teutonic language seems specially adapted to the plains, where, having supplanted the ancient Celtic, it took firm root, and now forms the basis of our modern English.

Nearly all terms expressing close relationship are Saxon; such as father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, wife, husband, neighbour, friend, home. As a rule, the closer a writer adheres to the Saxon model, the purer is his style; hence, whenever a choice lies between two words nearly synonymous, the Saxon will be preferred to another from a foreign source. That class of words which are said to sound an echo to the sense, are almost all Saxon; thus, a stone falling into water makes a *plunge*; the violent breaking of a tree, a *crash*; the waves strike the rocks with a *dash*; the wind *rattles* among the leaves, *whistles* through the trees, and *howls* in the hollows between the hills.

A fine example of the sublime simplicity of this language is given in that prayer which teaches how to pray, in which there are only two words not of Saxon origin.

It is extremely interesting to trace the history of words, and observe the changes which time has brought about in their use. Take, for instance, the two words 'woman' and 'lady.' The almost universal acceptance is that lady is a term of higher honour than woman, but the very reverse ought to be the case. Both are pure Saxon words. The precise meaning of the first has been disputed. I believe, however, that it is a contraction of *with-man*, signifying bound to, or the companion of man—which is more clearly seen in the pronunciation of the plural form, women. Lady means a giver of bread, being closely allied to the word *loaf* in its more ancient form *laef*, and is explanatory of one of the duties of our Saxon mothers—that of dividing bread among the household. Let those whom it more immediately concerns decide which term is the more honourable or desirable. The word *spinster*, applied to young women of whatever rank,

points to the rigid rule, that before they became wives, they must, with their own hands, spin such a quantity of wool as would be sufficient to manufacture that amount of woollen stuffs of various texture which the holy state of matrimony is held to require. In those days, bachelors were not—there being no Saxon equivalent to the term, which is of Latin origin.

One would hardly imagine that there could be any connection between the words *gold* and *guilt*; they are, however, nearly allied. All crimes among the Saxons were punished by the infliction of a fine payable in gold; and according to the degree of crime committed, so was the amount of fine imposed, hence the sum of *gold* exacted indicated the *guilt* incurred. The civic institution of Guild Court has a similar origin.

Many remnants of ancient customs have descended to us, especially in names of times, feasts, and days; for instance, Beltein, corresponding to the middle of spring, which signifies fires in honour of Bel (probably identical with Baal), which used to be lighted up on the tops of certain hills in celebration of the worship of that horrid demon. Little do our young Scots imagine, while rejoicing round the tiny fires they delight to set ablaze by the roadsides, they are, in the form of a *tanel*, unconsciously helping to keep in remembrance one of those dreadful orgies which were observed with bloody rites two thousand years ago.

The days of the week were each sacred to a certain deity; Sunday and Monday to the sun and moon respectively: Tuesday has its name from Tuesca, whom the Saxons supposed to be supreme ruler; Wednesday, named after Woden, the god of war. Here is an explanation of one of Falstaff's questions concerning 'honour.' 'Who hath it? He that died on a Wednesday'—that is, killed in battle, in the service of Woden. Thursday is from Thor, the god of thunder; Friday from Friga, the deity supposed to preside over trade; and Saturday from Saeter, the god of liberty. From which last I suppose has descended the custom of observing that day as a holiday, and which, I am thankful to say, is pretty duly kept by all who can afford the needful relaxation, with one remarkable exception, namely, those who follow the useful craft of shoemaking. It is well known that they favour Monday as their day of recreation, which custom is said to have had its origin in the time of Oliver Cromwell. The story is that one of his generals, named Munday, committed suicide. The Protector offered a reward for the most suitable epitaph commemorating the death of his friend. The successful competitor was a worthy son of Crispin, who carried off the palm by the following epigram:

God bless the Lord Protector!  
And cursed be worldly pelf;  
Tuesday shall begin the week,  
Since Monday's hanged himself.

After the lapse of several centuries, the Saxon language, as well as the Saxons themselves, underwent a severe shock by the invasion of Duke William and his Norman warriors, in the latter part of the eleventh century. He, as a means of retaining his conquest, took every plan to suppress both the Saxons and their language—ordered that no other language than Norman-French should be used at court, and that all laws should be issued in that tongue. From one of these laws, devised for that



purpose, is derived the word curfew or evening bell. This law was to the effect that no light should be seen in any Saxon dwelling after eight o'clock in the evening, which time was announced by proclamation of the French words, 'Couvrez feu, couvrez feu!' signifying cover, or extinguish the fire; afterwards changed into ringing the church bells at the same hour; and being intended to prevent secret intercourse among the Saxons for the purpose of regaining their independence.

Although no word of history had ever been recorded concerning this event, it would have been quite possible, from a study of the language, to have arrived at a correct estimate of the relative conditions of the two races then inhabiting this island—that the one was a poor oppressed people—the other haughty conquerors, living luxuriously on the spoils they had seized by force of arms, or exacted by tyranny from the conquered race. Thus, while the Saxon sought his frugal meal at the humble board, the Norman enjoyed his dainties at the lordly table. The sources of food retained their Saxon names until ready to be served up at the feast, when they were immediately transformed into French. The Saxon *sheep* became French *mutton*; the *ox*, when slaughtered, assumed the form of Norman *beef*; the bleating *calf* was dressed into *veal cutlets* for the Norman dames; his last bound after the fatal shaft from the Saxon ranger's bow, changed the stately *stag* of the forest into *venison* for his foreign master; and Gurth, the swineherd, after fattening his bristly flock on the beech-nuts and acorns of the glade, saw, with ill-suppressed rage, his sluggish charge suddenly Frenchified into *pork*.

The same conquerors introduced all terms of chivalry, such as pertain to arms and warlike amusements.

The Crusades, which some centuries afterwards drew so many of these warriors to the East, were the cause of transmitting to the West many terms before unknown—such as *Almanac*, *Algebra*, *Alchemy*, and what was of more importance, the science of numbers, for up to that time arithmetic was little understood in European nations. I would here occupy a little space, explaining some terms and signs used in this science. There are three powerful letters in our alphabet very often used without the knowledge of their derivation; these are L. S. D., the initials of three Latin words—*libra*, *solidarius*, and *denarius*, which signified three different weights or values among the Romans. The L. is usually crossed by two parallel lines, which have been brought from far beyond the sun to do duty here. They form the emblem of a constellation in the zodiac called *Libra*, or the Balance, formed  $\text{♎}$ , and were placed across the L. to shew that that L. meant a pound, and nothing else. Shillings are frequently marked by a slanting line placed after the figures, and is in fact a hasty formation of the old-fashioned letter *f*, the initial of *solidarius*. D. for *denarius* requires no explanation. Sterling money is a contraction of the word *Easterlings*, denoting people from the East, who were the chief dealers in money. The standard originally employed for weight was called *troy-weight*, from *Troyes*, a town in France, once the great resort for merchants from Egypt and the East. The pound troy contains twelve *ounces*, from a Latin word signifying a twelfth part. The smallest weight was a *grain*, so called from a grain taken from the middle of an ear of wheat, twenty-four of

which were equal in weight to a silver penny, then in use—hence the word *pennyweight*.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, I wish to shew the history of a few words of rather curious derivation. Take the very fertile Latin root *port*. From this, among many others, we have *port*, meaning a gate, a harbour for ships, and a kind of wine. It came to signify a gate from the circumstance, that when Romulus caused a plough furrow to be drawn to shew the position of the walls of future Rome, the plough was *carried* over the places meant for gates. The transition from *port*, a gate, to *port*, a harbour, is easy, but from that to *Port-wine* is not so apparent, but that species of wine was brought from what was then considered the furthest west harbour in the world—hence called *Portugal* or *West Port*, and hence *Port-wine*. I may mention here that brandy is a contraction of *brand* (or *burned*) wine. As *port* is derived from the vine, so we have a very curious derivation from the fig—namely, the word *sycophant*, used to signify a selfish flatterer, but originally a shower of figs, which is accounted for on this wise: Once on a time, in a certain state of Greece, the Chancellor of Exchequer, if such an officer then existed, being at his wit's end how to raise ways and means for the exigencies of the government, happily recollected that figs formed a necessary article of consumption by the people, so he resolved to put the screw on that fruit, and thereby squeeze out the needful sinews of war. Naturally, those possessed of figs tried to evade the impost by concealing their store. But persons were not found wanting ready enough to inform the Greek gaugers as to the whereabouts of these stores, and to share in the plunder. These informers got the name of *sycophants*, or showers of figs—a class of men not unrepresented at the present day. The word *panic*, signifying sudden fear without cause, is derived from *Pan*, the god of shepherds, and the original inventor of *Pan's pipes*. He was of monstrous size, partly like a man, partly like a goat. This *homo-hirsute* (as good a word as *hermaphrodite*, any day in the week), seen leaping along the tops of the mountains, inspired the shepherds with great but groundless terror, because they were under his special protection—hence a sudden fear without cause is called a *panic*.

When a person sought election to any office in the Roman republic, he had to appear in the Forum wearing a white tunic, in order that the citizens might recognise their *candidate*, which term is still applied to a person seeking any office, though the word simply means appearing white.

The word *pagan* originally signified the inhabitant of a village, and came to have its present meaning from the circumstance that the propagators of Christian doctrines first addressed themselves to large towns, as the speediest means of disseminating the truths they were sent to teach among the greatest number. Consequently, the inhabitants of the remoter villages remained longer in heathen darkness than the citizens of towns—hence a *pagan* and a heathen became terms of equal import.

Those dreaded devotees, trained unhesitatingly to execute the fatal fiat of the Old Man of the Mountain, either upon themselves or on others, were called *Hesch-heschins*, from which is derived the word *assassin*.

In our own language there are some words very curiously formed—for instance, the plant foxglove,

apparently the fox's glove. Now, though Reynard is known to have a keen eye to his own comfort and interest, he cannot be charged with the dandyism of covering his fur-clad paws with party-coloured gloves. There was, however, believed to be a race of beings who delighted to deck themselves with such ornaments as the woods and glens could supply; these were the fairies, otherwise good-folk. The plant was termed the fairies or good-folk's glove, shortened into folk's glove, and again contracted into foxglove. By a similar process, the daisy has been contracted from day's eye, or eye of the day—a most appropriate name for this favourite little flower. It is well known that bread and highly-flavoured toasted cheese form one of the most esteemed viands among the Welsh. Being imported thence by English tourists, the *pabulum* and its condiments were together called a Welsh rarebit. By pronouncing these two syllables rapidly, and, in English fashion, eliding the middle 'r,' you will get a Welsh rabbit, with little trouble and no expense.

Names of men who have rendered themselves famous or infamous by their deeds, or misdeeds, are formed into words expressive of similar conduct in others. The story of Tantalus furnishes a good instance of this sort. He, for divulging the secrets of the gods, was placed up to the chin in water, yet so fixed as in that position to die of thirst; hence, when one is almost within reach of something he desires much, yet cannot attain, he is said to be *tantalised*.

The German general, Merode, who rendered himself universally feared and detested by subsisting his troops on supplies forced from the people among whom they were quartered, suggested the word *marauder*. For a word of similar formation we are indebted to the genius of Mr William Burke, who, in the former part of this century, favoured the West Port of Edinburgh with his residence and exploits, and, by his ingenious method of putting troublesome subjects to silence, first suggested the idea—greatly expanded since—of *Burking* a question.

The names of many articles in common use are derived from the places where they were first known, or whence imported; thus, we have Calico from Calicut, Damask from Damascus, Muslin from Mosul, Tobacco from Tabac, Coffee from Caffa, the Bayonet from Bayonne, Sherry from Xeres, Cordovan leather from Cordova, Delft-ware and Gouda cheese from towns of the same name in Holland, &c.

The feminine occupations of mantua-maker and milliner are recent imports from Mantua and Milan. It is not very long since the mysteries of these arts were understood and practised by men; one of Falstaff's ragged recruits, and the most valiant of the corps, having been a woman-tailor.

In Glasgow and London are two streets, which, though pronounced differently, are identical in derivation—the former, a wretched pile of rickety buildings, called the Rattonnaw; the latter, Rotten Row. These are derived from *route au roi*, 'the route or road of the king.'

Anthony Trollope mentions a curious instance of word-degeneracy. One of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, after the civil wars, settled down as landlord of a village inn. True to his training, he selected a scriptural motto for his signboard, on which he inscribed the words, 'God encompasseth us.' The words became obliterated through time,

but something of their sound remained; and when, long after, the signboard was renewed by a new landlord, the motto reappeared, with a suitable device in the centre, as 'The Goat and Compasses.'

I had intended to give the history of some other phrases, as *hocus-pocus* from *hoc est corpus*, *hogmanay* from *hoc mane*, 'You're a brick,' &c.; but the rigid hand of the editor, conservative of space, restraineth me, and I must conclude this branch of my subject with the classic history of the expression, 'All my eye and Betty Martin O.' A ship returning from the East Indies with some rich Dutch planters aboard, encountered a dreadful storm in the Indian Ocean. The terrified passengers, fearing a wreck, and trembling for their lives and property, were on their knees imploring the aid of their patron, St Martin. One was overheard by a sailor most abjectly crying: 'Ah mihi, Beate Martine!' (Ah me, blessed Martin!) The hardy tar called out to his mate: 'I say, Jack, just hark to that shivering landlubber singing out "It's all my eye and Betty Martin O!"'

## THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOST SIR MASSINGBERD,' &c.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—HOW THE MARTIN'S NEST WAS DISCOVERED.

ONCE more the pale Moon rose upon Raymond Clyffard in his captivity, and this time it looked down upon him pitifully, with scarce an intervening cloud; tipped with her rays, each tiny wavelet (for the wind had dropped) broke into silver smiles; the sapphire sea, like one great jewel, sparkled icily from marge to marge. But the captive had no eye for its beauty; it would have been the same to him had inky darkness overspread the scene. Whatever canvas Nature might have displayed, he would only have seen upon it the picture of a little home, emptied of all its happiness by one remorseless hand. His mind was solely usurped by utter wretchedness: the sense of desolation reigned supreme; even Revenge stirred not now within him. His long fast had doubtless combined with his late anxieties thus to prostrate him; but one who had seen Raymond thirty-six hours before, as he stood upon Beacon Down, radiant with health and vigour, would scarcely have recognised him, as with weebegone face and lack-lustre eye he sat within his solitary prison. It was nearly midnight, but he felt no desire for sleep; and yet so occupied were his thoughts, that he could hardly be said to be a waking, conscious man. As he saw nothing, so he heard nothing of what was passing around him. It was only when a huge object suddenly darkened the mouth of the cave, and then retired, leaving it light again, that he became conscious that he was not alone—that there was a human being swinging to and fro in front of the *Martin's Nest*, now touching the threshold with his feet, and now leaping out again into space, so as to gain a greater impetus, and thereby penetrate still further upon his return. 'Can you not shorten matters, sir,' cried this human spider, 'by catching hold of me presently?' The voice of his fellow-creature acted upon Raymond like a restorative; he leaped up from his costly couch of shawls and laces in time to seize his visitor at the very next swing of the pendulum, and retain him in his grasp. 'Hold tight, sir,' cried Richard Brock, for he it was who presented



himself under these very peculiar circumstances. 'You have no idea (however anxious you may be to leave the *Martin's Nest*) how a body wants to get out of it which has entered after *this* fashion. But what's the matter with you, sir, beside hunger and want of room?'

'Can you tell me any news of my wife?' gasped Raymond. 'Tell me the worst at once, man; is she alive or dead?'

'Lor bless you, sir, alive and well—why not? I saw her this very evening.'

'God be praised!' cried Raymond fervently, wringing the man's hand who had brought him such blessed tidings. 'And is my child safe too?'

Richard hesitated a little.

'What! has that devil Stevens drowned my child?'

'No, no, sir. Don't call names. The man you speak of is drowned himself, poor wretch—held by a stone-crab in the Mermaid Cavern until the tide came up and— Well, that's a strange thing to be thanking Heaven for, unless, maybe, you are thinking that the chap was a coast-guardsmen, which, it seems, he was not after all.'

'He was a murderer in thought if not in deed,' returned Raymond sternly, 'as I will tell you.'

'All in good time, sir,' observed the young man cheerily; 'but first you take this bread and meat, and let the brandy in that flask fetch up a little colour into your cheek. You must be main hungry so use your teeth and rest your tongue while I take the eggs here out of the *Martin's Nest*.' With these words, the young man began fastening two of the bales to the rope of three-inch cow-hide which had brought him, a hundred feet of which at least, besides what he had himself required for his descent, were in the hands of his friends upon the Down above. 'Now, do not fear but I shall return for the rest,' cried he; 'and when I have cleared all these goods, I will still come back and keep you company.'

'But why not take me with you instead of the bales?' inquired Raymond, with whom good news and a few morsels of food had already worked wonders, and who felt quite equal to any peril or exertion the object of which should be to set him on *terra firma*.

'I will tell you that presently, and everything else it concerns you to know, Mr Hepburn; but duty first say I (unless it's revenue duty), and pleasure afterwards; so here goes.' With that the young man stepped into the air with his burden as calmly as a tide-waiter would step from deck to quay, and keeping himself off the rock with his nimble feet, was rapidly hauled up to the summit of the Down above. Then again descending, and being caught by Raymond as before, he took away more bales, and so on till the cave was bare. 'You do not think I will desert you, Mr Hepburn?' said the young man frankly, as he started with his last freight, and Raymond was watching his movements with wistful eyes.

'No, Richard, I do not. I can easily understand why I am not to see how those bundles of'—

'Gulls' feathers,' interrupted the young man smiling: 'we cliff-fowlers make our living by collecting them, you know.'

True to his promise, Richard Brock once more descended, bringing with him this time some rugs and blankets, as well as a further supply of provisions. At sight of these, Raymond looked by no means grateful.

'What!' cried he, 'am I to stay in this place another night?'

'Ay, sir, and another, and another, I fear, although no longer than I can help, I promise you. If I had been the sole owner of what was here just now, you should be free at once, for I know that I could trust to your honour, and besides, I owe your good lady a kind turn for what she did to my Phoebe in her sickness. But there are others who are deeply concerned in the matter—it's the best run we have had this many a year, and everything must be got well away before we risk letting you out. Even then—I'm speaking what others say, sir, and not my own thoughts—even then, you would do us a mort of mischief by telling about the *Martin's Nest*. It is the best place for stowage along the coast; and all the better for the little mischance as happened to poor Price down yonder. The blue jackets think the place uncanny, and shirk their night-watches upon the beacon in consequence. There's Walter Dickson up there now, holding on to this rope as quietly as though he was not sitting upon the beat of a coast-guardsmen; though, indeed, if one should come, he has his answer ready: If one likes to go bird-fowling by night instead of by day, what's that to the custom-house? They will never trust themselves at a rope's end to see what I'm about—of that I'm certain. And, by the by, Mr Hepburn, how, in the name of the devil—for is he not called The Prince of the Powers of the Air in Holy Writ—did you yourself chance to come here?'

'I climbed down by yonder ledge,' quoth Raymond coolly.

'What! without a rope?' exclaimed the other with a perceptible shudder: 'that is not humanly possible!'

'Yet by that means, and no other, did I come hither, Richard, although not of my own freewill, as you shall hear.' Then Raymond narrated all the circumstances (so far as consisted with his assumed name of Hepburn) which had brought him into his present inconvenient plight. To the details of the attempted murder, his companion listened with not a little excitement and indignation; but in the description of the means by which the *Martin's Nest* had at last been reached, his interest was manifested even still more keenly.

'You are the king of us all, sir!' exclaimed the cliff-fowler enthusiastically, when the tale was told. 'There is not a man in Sandby who could have got here from the cliff-top as you did; no, nor ever was one, I believe, even when Walter Dickson was young. He it was, sir, who first discovered this place, and that in a very curious manner—one which I should have thought could scarcely have been equalled for strangeness, if I had not heard your story.'

'And how was that?' inquired Raymond; not that he much cared to know, but because he began to feel a great repugnance in being left alone, and desired to retain his present companion with him as long as possible.

'Well, sir, it was when Dickson was quite a boy, about sixteen or so, and when Sandby was not so full of folk as it is now: there were scarcely any cliff-fowlers then, for there was a better trade than bird-nesting to take to, and all hands were wanted for it, so that the gulls had an easy life of it to what they have now, and were only plagued by the boys. Dickson and my father were playmates at that time, as they're workmates now, and

have been so these thirty years and more; always together, ahrimpin' and fishin', risking their necks about the cliffs with letting one another down by a bit of rope such as nobody but madcaps like them would have trusted themselves to. One day, while knocking about in a coble, which, I believe, had been pronounced unseaworthy by the rightful owner—in the Beacon Bay here—Dickson spies out this dark hole.

"What a lot of gulls' nests there ought to be in there!" says he.

"What a lot there *are*!" cries my father, whom I have heard tell this story about a hundred and forty times. "What a lot there are, for I can see 'em!"

"I wish we could get at 'em," continues Dickson.

"What's the good o' wishing?" answers my father.

"Don't you see how the cliff hangs over? You might as well wish to get at the moon."

"No, mate," returns Dickson gravely, "because you ain't got nowhere *above* the moon where you can stick a stake in with a rope tied round it, and lower yourself down hand over hand; let alone any stand-point such as yonder Down, where a chap one could depend upon—like you, Brock—might stand and hold the rope, and shift it properly."

"You ain't a-goin' to try that, mate?" says my father firmly, "nor anythink so fool-hardy."

"No, I'm not a-goin' to try it; I'm a-goin' to do it," returned Walter Dickson. "Why, think what must be in that ere hole, mate, in which never a fowler has yet put his fingers, I'll be bound; what feathers and skins, and oil and eggs! Why, I doubt whether even that last run, which your father (that's my grandfather, Mr Hepburn) is never tired of talking about, will ha' brought more grist to the mill. Only, not a word about it to any soul, mind. They'd make us promise not to try it; or, perhaps, it 'ud put it into somebody else's head to do the very same thing before us."

"You needn't be a bit afraid of that last, boy," answers my father, grimly enough; "and as for the first, I am not one to blab and spoil sport; and if you're fixed upon it, why, I'm your man for anything. Only, you'll never use this rotten old cord for such a place as yon, where you'll have to swing right under—"

"No," replies Dickson, interrupting him sharp; "I'm not a fool, although you chose, just now, to call me one."

"I said 'fool-hardy,'" replied my father positively, "and I say it again."

"Well, we'll see what you say to-morrow, when you haul me up from yonder hole—under the eave of the Down though it be, and for all the world like a *martin's nest*—with my pockets full of fulmars. As for the rope, Lucy Prichard (and here my father says Dickson blushed, for Lucy was the young girl as he was courting then, and whom he afterwards married) will lend me that fine one which was her mother's only marriage-portion, and has never been any good to her, because she has no son. Lucy has often begged me, if I must needs go fowling, to use that rope, and so I'll do it to-morrow, and to some purpose; and as for the stake, if you do not choose to hold me, lad, I will borrow an iron bar of the blacksmith; so you may please yourself."

"But when the morrow came, and found Walter Dickson on the Beacon Down, William Brock was there likewise; and when the other, who was too proud to ask his help, since it was not offered, had thrust the bar into the earth, and fixed the

rope, then, says my father: "And do you suppose as I'm goin' to let you risk your neck alone, mate? No, man, no. You and I are a-goin' to see this ere *martin's nest* together; and if we miss it, why, even then we shall not be parted."

"Then Walter and he shook hands, for they was very fond of one another as boys, as they are now, although they has their tiffs. "Just as you like," says he: "the rope is strong enough for ten such as we, and the bar won't break."

"Then, instead of tying the hide round their bodies—as I and all sensible cliff-fowlers do—these mad boys lowered themselves slowly down, merely holding it in their hands; and work enough they had, when they got opposite this place, to swing themselves into it, as you may guess, when there was nobody within to help them in as you helped me. Moreover, my father says that the birds flew out upon them in hundreds—just as in the big print we've got stuck up at home of the opening of the doors of the Ark—and beat them with their wings, not that the poor timorous creatures shewed any fight, but by reason of their excessive numbers. At last the two boys swung themselves sufficiently far within to obtain foothold, and my father instantly began to lay his hands on all with life that had not yet flown away. "Quick, quick!" exclaimed he; and Dickson, seeing how much he needed help, and what great spoil there was, ran towards him eagerly.

"The next instant both cried out together: "The rope!" "The rope!" But the recollection of it came too late! My father had forgotten it at first, and now in his excitement Walter also let it go. So there it swung, now near, now far, but already too far to be reached, and coming with every swing less and less near. At last it hung quite still, about five feet or so beyond the entrance; and it will give you some notion of the extraordinary feat that you, sir, have accomplished in arriving here, that neither of the boys, though cliff-fowlers born, dared venture out upon yonder sloping ledge, and so approach the rope by your own road. If they had done so, however, it would even then have been beyond their reach.

"They were as completely trapped as any guillemot they had ever caught in springe. It might be days, as they well knew, before anybody discovered the bar upon the Down above, and if that happened, he who found it would probably draw up the rope, and finding nothing, would conceive that he who had left it there must needs have fallen into the sea. It was quite impossible to make their voices heard upon the cliff-top, and the *Martin's Nest* was unknown to all except themselves. Their only hope, like yours, lay in attracting the notice of some one on shipboard; but they had no large sail-cloth, such as you found here—nothing except their own clothes, which could not be seen save at a very little distance.

"The two boys looked at one another ruefully enough, each thinking of his home and friends, but Walter of his Lucy also, and of how she would reproach herself for having been the innocent means of his destruction, through lending him that fatal rope.

"Dickson was the first to speak. "Robert," said he, "we are in a bad plight here, and if matters are to be mended, we must mend them ourselves. It is no use waiting here to be starved to death, or to be so weakened by hunger that we can do nothing that requires strength and courage.

One of us must jump out at that rope, and take our chance of catching hold of it!"

"My father says he never felt his blood run so cold in all his life, as when he heard these words. But nevertheless he clearly saw the necessity of what the other proposed. "I am ready, Walter," says he simply; "and I think I am the lissomer of the two, and had better try first."

"Not so," says Dickson; "I brought you into this peril, and I must get you out of it. If I miss it, then it will be time enough for you to take your chance; and God send you better fortune!"

"Thank you, mate," replies my father sturdily; "but I'd rather die like a brave man, than survive you upon such terms as those. We'll jump together, if you please, but you won't jump before me; that's certain."

"As for jumping together," says Walter Dickson very vexed, "that would only be another name for falling together; but since I know what a cruel obstinate chap you are, I'll consent to draw lots. Now, look you, here are two feathers, a black and a white; now I put my hands behind me, and if you guess which feather I hold in my right hand, then you shall jump first; if not"—

"No, no," interrupted my father sharply; "I won't trust you, Walter; your heart is too kind to be honest in a matter like this. I myself will throw the feathers into the air, and whichever passes the ledge first, shall decide the question. If the black one falls the quicker, I jump; if the white one, you."

"So be it, Will, if you will have it so," returned Dickson.

The air was very calm and still that day, and the feathers were a long time descending from the height to which my father threw them. The two boys watched them with straining eyes, now poise, now quiver, now slowly sink, now caught in little eddies, until at last they reached the ledge, the white one first.

"I am glad of that," said Dickson quietly, "for otherwise I should have jumped from where I stand, and it is better to have a run.—Look here, Robert; I don't want to blubber about such things now, when all depends upon clear sight, but if I—if I miss the rope, and you get home again all right, as I trust you will, you'll give my love to mother, and father, and Lucy, and tell them.—But there, that's enough. God bless you, mate, if we don't happen to meet again just yet. Stand clear there: one, two, three!"

As he said these words, he leapt out at the rope with a great spring, and my father hid his face; nor did he look up again, nor know what was happening—being in a sort of swoon-like—until he felt Walter Dickson fastening the hide about his waist, and bidding him cheer up and fill his pockets.—And that's the true story of how the *Martin's Nest* was first found out!

"And he that was the brave boy you speak of—Walter Dickson—is now awaiting you upon the Down above us, is he?"

"The very man, sir, and as brave as ever, only a good deal stiffer in the joints. Nevertheless he would have visited you here himself, if nobody else could have been got to do it; for Mrs Hepburn has been very good to his old woman—she that was Lucy Prichard once, and who owns this rope, which is the same I have been talking of all this time—as she was to my own poor Phoebe in the fever."

"Then being both so brave and grateful," pleaded

Raymond, "will you not trust my honour not to betray the secret of the *Martin's Nest*?"

"Ay, that we would, sir, if the matter concerned us only. But we have passed our word to keep you prisoner here till the goods removed this night have been disposed of, and that will take some time."

"At least you will let my poor wife know that I am safe; or else, when I do not return to-morrow, she is sure to think I have come to grievous harm."

"Well, sir," answered the young man frankly, "we will do our best, Dickson and I; but no woman has ever yet been let into this secret, any more than if it was the Freemason's. I dare not trust it even to Phoebe. However, you may depend upon us two, sir. Do not fret, and I shall be with you again to-morrow night at furthest."

"And you will have seen my wife and child?" said Raymond.

"I hope so," answered the young man evasively; for he knew that Milly had been carried away, although he thought it better not to harrow the father's heart by such sad news, while thus compelled to inaction and captivity. But he kept his promise, and so worked upon his father with the help of Dickson, that the old man at last gave permission that Mrs Hepburn should be informed, under a strict oath of secrecy, that her husband was alive and in safe hands. It was this glad news which Walter Dickson came to impart that evening when he found Mrs Carey at Pampas Cottage, and the revelation of which, sent Mildred back, as we have seen, from the bedside of his 'old woman' with such a lightened heart. Upon the other hand, through their prisoner, the free-traders became cognizant of the villainy of the man called Stevens, and exhibited it, with reference to the burial of his body, in the manner described. Still, they were much averse to set Raymond free, fearing that the secret must needs ooze out if they did so, and jealous of his intimacy with the people at Lucky Bay. Mildred and her husband, however, were permitted to correspond by letter—subject to a Sir James Graham's inspection of the correspondence—and it was with Raymond's full consent that Mrs Hepburn undertook the expedition to Clyffe Hall in search of her lost Milly. The smugglers, too, were not displeased at an opportunity of giving the captive his liberty, which also insured his absence from the neighbourhood; so a few hours after Mildred's departure, his faithful friend and visitor, young Richard Brock, swung himself as usual into Raymond's (by this time tolerably furnished) lodgings, with the long-wished-for information that the rope was ready to carry double.

So Raymond had followed his wife, post-haste, to Clyffe, and now met her, as they had agreed upon, in the heart of Ribble, for the first time since Gideon Carr had striven so hard to part them for ever.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.—MET TO PART.

"But what is it you propose to do at Clyffe, love?" asked Mildred of her husband, when he had finished narrating his strange experiences of the last few days, and had received her own in turn. "Why should we not at once depart, now that we have our Milly safe and well? I cannot bear a second separation from you, Ray—indeed, indeed, I cannot—and yet I feel that that is what you have in your mind."

"We will not be separated, dearest," answered



Raymond, smoothing her dark tresses with his loving hand. 'I will be near you to watch over you; you will meet me here every day. But I have a duty to perform in my father's house, which I have too long neglected; I must protect the helpless, and I must punish the guilty.'

Very stern and grave was Raymond's voice as he spoke these words, and Mildred trembled to hear it, because she knew what iron resolve that tone expressed. Her husband, so simple, so generous, so open, was about to match himself against the wily Grace.

'Yes,' continued he, 'I have been selfishly content with my own lot too long. I have suffered my father's son, my only brother, to remain in wicked hands—flattered by false hopes, terrified by false fears—and have never lifted finger to set him free from a captivity worse than that from which I have myself but now escaped. True, I have not wronged him; but when I look upon you, my own, my love, I feel pity for him who coveted such a priceless treasure in vain.'

'Raymond,' answered Mildred hastily, 'you do not know how sadly Rupert is changed.'

'Yes, dear, I know it. The Curse has fallen—alas, poor Rue, poor Rue!' Raymond turned away his face, and was silent for a little, ere he resumed. 'I must act for him, therefore, and not with him, as I had hoped to do. For some base purpose of her own, this woman, who would imprison him at the Dene, without a scruple, seeks to make him appear sane. In a few days, I can collect evidence hereabouts to prove him otherwise. Then he will be removed from her and hers, and put in some fit place, and receive careful tendance, from which may come—who knows? improvement, cure.'

Mildred shook her head.

'At all events,' continued her husband, 'he shall remain no more with one who only uses him for her own ends. With her, too—a murderer in intention—I have my own account to settle. This letter, in her own handwriting—"When you have made sure of R," writes she—was found on the dead body of her brother. I will tell her this to her false face: "That were it not that she was once my father's wife!"'

'No, no,' cried Mildred passionately; 'defy her not, dear husband; let her be. You will fall into her toils yourself.'

'I must take my chance of that, wife,' answered Raymond cheerfully; 'but since you fear this woman thus, Mildred, I will remove you at once from out of her reach. With the Careys, you and the child will be safe alike from force or fraud; and when my work here is finished'—

'No, Raymond,' cried Mildred firmly. 'If we are to be parted from you, I should feel safer here, in the very hold of our enemy, than in any place where, as before, she might suddenly swoop down upon us. The expectation of the peril would be worse than the peril itself. With thee without, and our unknown friend, whoever that may be, within, I shall not feel unprotected; besides, for a week at least I am safe, for until then I shall not have served this woman's turn.'

'Moreover,' answered Raymond, 'within a week I shall have obtained all that I need in the way of information, as well, I hope, as struck a blow at this evil woman, who is even now, as I have cause to suspect, bringing her base designs to some completion. Nay, do not tremble, my sweet love. How strange it is that you, who are so brave against

all else, should be such a coward with respect to Grace Clyffard!'

'I do not fear, dear Raymond—indeed, indeed I do not for myself, no, nor yet for Milly; while she is in my arms, at least, she seems to be safe, and knowing that I have her to guard, I meet my aunt as the sheep-dog meets the wolf: but it is for thee, Raymond, for thee I tremble.'

'You doubt that I have wits to cope with cunning Grace,' returned Raymond smiling. 'Well, that is true enough. Still, there is something of advantage in an honest cause, and something, too, in this—that the woman deems me dead. She that plays tricks with shrouds, and acts the sacrilegious part of a lost spirit, may yet not be without her own superstitions, Mildred.'

'Then why be seen?' urged Mildred. 'If you trust for anything to Grace's ignorance—and oh! beware how you build on that foundation—why shew yourself, and run the risk of being recognised? Would Aunt Grace easily credit that it is your ghost which haunts the place, or would it not rather put her on her guard to sift the truth of the story of your death?'

'You are wise and prudent, dear Mildred; but you do not remember that I left Clyffe a smooth-faced boy, having scarcely used a razor till I married, while, since I have been imprisoned under Beacon Down, I have become bearded like the pard. Moreover, in the daytime, no one is stirring now about the park, whether from the Hall or the village; and when evening comes, I retire to the *Spotted Cow*, beyond the turnpike, where, in return for looking over the contents of my portfolio, the guidman and his wife entertain me with the country gossip, and all the history of the poor mad squire. They would as soon think of finding a likeness for me to the cow upon their signboard as to Raymond Clyffard.'

'Why, the very dog, Rufus, knew you; and I knew you, Raymond.'

'Yes, the dog and you,' interrupted her husband smiling upon her fondly, 'for love and instinct are equally lynx-eyed; but trust me, no one else shall recognise me. And now, dearest, for the present, we must part, lest this attendant of yours become impatient, or even grow suspicious. You see that it is I that am the prudent one. Every day at this same time I shall be within this chamber, having always *Finis Hall* to take to, if any ferret should invade the burrow. If you do not come, I shall conclude you cannot. In the meantime, do not fear. Within the week, or in less time, I hope to discover enough to put a spoke in Madame Clyffard's wheel, that shall mar the smoothness of its running.'

With dire forebodings, which, however, she did not express, Mildred held up her child to meet its father's kiss; then turned towards him her own obedient cheek, unstained by tear, and made him loving farewell. Darker and darker grew his form with every footstep that she took with torch in hand, and once she could not forbear from running back and kissing him once more; but at last she tore herself away, and hurried forth to Lucy.

'I am afraid I have been very selfish, and made you wait very long,' said Mildred sweetly.

'It did not seem so, madam, I assure you,' replied her attendant. 'It is my duty to wait your pleasure; and besides, my brother here has kept me company.'

William Cator, who was standing a little behind his sister, leaning upon a gun, regarded his mistress's truant niece with no very friendly eyes. 'I am afraid I frightened you, miss—that is, madam,' said he gruffly.

'Yes,' returned Mildred with a steady voice, 'I am always frightened at firearms. Please to carry it carefully as we go back.'

'I ain't a-going back, ma'am,' replied the other with an unpleasant grin. 'There's nothing to do at the Hall, and I can't sleep in the sunlight like the other folks; so I'm out for a day's pleasure.'

'What is your brother going to shoot?' asked Mildred, with a beating heart, of Lucy as they recrossed the park.

'Oh, nothing as I knows of, madam; he is no sportsman. He was waiting for you to leave the cave, because he wants to go in there himself to fire the gun off, and try the effect of the echoes. I wonder whether we shall hear them.'

### FROM OUTLANDISH PLACES.

The North-west Passage, by sea, from the Island Kingdom to the treasures of the East, the cherished dream of three centuries, to which so many lives have been devoted and sacrificed, is now practically abandoned. The inexorable Icing has conquered; his passive resistance secures his realm from invasion; and adventure, undaunted by defeat, turns to the dense primeval forests of North America, seeking to wrest from the earth the boon refused by the invincible sea. Lord Milton and Dr Cheadle\* have traversed the western continent, passing through the desolate and hidden regions of British territory, known only to the red man, the trapper, and straggling companies of emigrants, from the mouth of the St Lawrence to the gold regions of Cariboo. Few feats of modern travel have been marked by more varied and striking adventure, or are likely to be attended by more important consequences than theirs. What they have accomplished as individuals may be repeated on a grand scale in the interests of commerce and of politics; communication may be established between the English colonies, now divided by vast tracts of forest and mountain, and more direct and rapid intercourse established between China and Japan and the great western world, the dragon of their immemorial fables, which is to swallow up the Orient. The carrying out of so vast a purpose will involve great discoveries, and open fresh treasures of information and sources of delight to the student of nature, already charmed by the narrative of the two brave English gentlemen who have made 'the North-west Passage by land,' from the Atlantic to the Pacific; who have fulfilled Puck's task somewhat in his light-hearted spirit.

The aspects of such an achievement are various, and all-interesting, but the picturesque has the greatest charm. The keenest pleasure, and surely one of the worthiest efforts of the imagination, is to follow out such a journey in all that it offers of grand, solemn, suggestive association, of peril and daring, of suffering and endurance, of wonderful contrast with the aspects of the traveller's ordinary lives, and wonderful revelations of nature's dealing with her children, brute and human, in the uttermost parts of her lonely and majestic domain. The

romance of that memorable journey began when the travellers first beheld Niagara, the awful water-gate to the mysterious world of the forest and the mountain. Afterwards, it grew and grew, as they travelled rapidly away from the country of the white faces and the sound of their native tongue. With the map before us, we trace the widening distance day by day, and the change from the homely names of outlying village and modest townland; from the royally and loyally designated trading-posts of the Hudson's Bay Company to the wild, sweet, yet stern-sounding Indian names, and then beyond these landmarks, to the *caches* in the forest, the virgin prairie, the bright solitary river, the frowning mountain-ridge, unnamed and unknown; until the educated white men came to find them out, in their primeval solitude, and call them by some noble or gentle English name, thus binding together widely severed links in the great chain of human interests. These names produce the strangest and loneliest effect of all.

At the little settlement of Georgetown, which lies under cover of a belt of timber clothing the banks of the river, beyond which, to the south and east, the endless prairie stretches away to the horizon, Lord Milton and Dr Cheadle embarked upon the Red River, for a voyage of five hundred miles, in canoes, their destination being Fort Garry. Mr Treemiss, a gentleman going out to shoot buffalo in the unknown lands, and Rover, a dog, who deserves to have his biography written by Dr John Brown, completed the adventurous party. That was a strange voyage: the canoes, of the lightest birch-bark, so that the wind drove them like leaves before it, dropped down the sluggish stream, under the shade of overhanging forest trees. All day long the stillness of the woods reigned around, broken now and then by the dip of the paddles, the sudden splash of a fish, or the cry of some strange bird. Anon, the shrill scream of the eagle, from the topmost bough of some towering giant of the forest, or the harsh note of the hawk, would startle the stillness; while the black and golden orioles fluttered in the bush, the kingfisher sailed by on his gorgeous wings, and the American pigeon darted over the tree-tops. A strange voyage, as each dip of the paddle bore the strangers further on into the mysterious country of the red men, placing more distance between them and safety, and the association of their fellows. A strange voyage to make, and a stranger to look back upon, when they learned the danger from which they had unconsciously drifted away, and how the simple Indians with whom they had sojourned at Georgetown had all fallen under the murderous knives of the Sioux. A delightful voyage, in its sense of wild freedom and independence, in the wonderful beauty of its daylight revelations of the primeval forest; in the melancholy solemnity of the starlit night, when the whip-poor-will called sharply and continuously, when the countless owls hooted, and the loon gave forth its cry—the saddest sound that any bird utters. An anxious voyage, when fatigue, constant exertion in guiding, emptying, and repairing the canoes began to tell upon the travellers—when exposure to the sun burned and blistered their hands and faces—when their food turned putrid under the fierce heat, and the supply began to fail. An awful voyage, when a sudden storm, so terrible that we, in these regions, can form no notion of its power, of its destructive and transforming effect,

\* *The North-West Passage of Land.* London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

broke upon the lonely little crafts, and swept over them, on the wings of darkness.

When the journey came to an end at the Red River Settlement, the travellers were joyfully greeted by La Ronde, a famous 'half-breed' voyageur, who had been with Lord Milton on a former expedition. At Fort Garry, the travellers made their preparations for the adventurous journey they projected; but learning that it was too late in the season to attempt the crossing of the mountains, they resolved to explore the banks of the great river Saskatchewan, and in some convenient spot, set up a house for the winter. This was a brave resolution, and not taken blindly; they well knew the privation they were about to face, the certain suffering, the fearful cold, the probable danger. They succeeded in obtaining very good saddle-horses, and started in the highest spirits, attended by four men (of whom La Ronde was the chief) well skilled in forest-life. The party, riding beside the carts, which contained all their possessions, while the spare horses trotted after them as naturally as did Rover, took the left bank of the Assiniboine; and having passed the boundary of the settlement, found themselves in a fine undulating country, full of lakes, thronged with wild-fowl, and studded with aspen copes. The wide prairies were covered with the deep-blue gentianna; and in grim contrast with the flowers, the whitened skulls of buffalo strewed the way. The journey, monotonous, but not wearisome, was prosperous in the beginning, when the travellers found plenty of game, enough to feed the whole party, without touching the precious stores of pemmican; when they rode gaily on, or lay down and basked in the sunshine; when they camped at sundown, by wood and water, and, smoking their pipes round the camp-fire, listened to La Ronde's stories of the Sioux, of his hunting adventures, and his journey with Dr Rae. So on to Carlton, having reached which place, they had accomplished five hundred of the one thousand three hundred miles which lie between the Red River and the foot of the Rocky Mountains. They had resolved to go into winter-quarters among the peaceful Wood Crees near White Fish Lake, eighty miles north-north-west of Carlton, and on the borders of the endless forest stretching away to the northward. There was good trapping-ground within one hundred miles of the plains, and large herds of buffalo had lately come that way. So, for the inevitable interval before the journey of exploration could commence, the travellers led the wild, patient, arduous lives of the trappers and the woodsmen, who wrest from the creatures of the plain and the forest the luxurious alleviations, whereby we temper the moderate cold of our climates to our nicer sensitiveness and feebler nerves. But first, they 'ran' buffalo, and got lost on the prairie, and formed well-grounded suspicions of the intention of some Indians to steal their horses, and baffled their pursuit by a device of almost Indian ingenuity. In the hum and bustle of London, in the civilised seclusion of English country-life, when the story of that winter's waiting for the perils which were to come with the spring has been told to eager ears, until it has lost force by repetition, how strange and dreamlike the lodge on the banks of the lake of the Beautiful Prairie will appear! How strange it will be to remember those laborious days when the trees were felled, and

the log-hut built, and the stone fireplace constructed; when the Indians 'dropped in,' after an altogether novel fashion of morning-visiting, when the squaws mended the travellers' moccasins, and made up their winter-clothing; and when all was barely completed in time, for the winter fairly commenced with the 23d October; the lake was frozen over, and two inches of snow covered the ground.

Interesting and extraordinary as is the story of that eventful winter, with its completion of 'Fort Milton'—its journeyings to and fro—its onslaughts upon the forest-creatures—its many dangers—its strange lessons in natural history—its grim experience of the hardship and degradation of the lives of the Indians—its lengthened intervals of almost absolute want—its appalling cold—and its utter seclusion—the total silence from the world outside that awful stretch of forest, and the pitiless mountains beyond—the interest of the narrative which begins with the spring far transcends it in intensity. In the time of flowers, Lord Milton and Dr Cheadle left Edmonton, to commence a journey, whose known dangers were small beside those which were unknown, a journey which others, of whom no intelligence had been received, had indeed undertaken, but whose feasibility was still an unsolved problem. It was not the intention of the travellers to pursue any tried route, but to take the pass which would lead them most directly to the gold regions, following the trail of the emigrants as far as might seem desirable, and then trusting for reaching Cariboo to their imperfect maps and the sagacity of their men. They had no means of calculating with anything like certainty the duration of their journey in time, and but little food of any kind was to be obtained in the country through which they were about to take their perilous way. They had twelve horses, six laden with their packs, which contained, beside other necessities, two hundred pounds of flour, four bags of pemmican, ninety pounds in each, tea, salt, and tobacco. Eight hundred miles of unknown country lay between them and any post in British Columbia, and their way thither must be cut through forests—forced through jungle—travelled by rafts across rivers, and over rapids—tortuously won through fearful ravines, and painfully climbed by terrible mountain-heights. They left Edmonton, amid the gloomy forebodings of the inhabitants, the party consisting of Lord Milton; Dr Cheadle; an Assiniboine, who served them well and faithfully; his wife and son; also an apocryphal 'Mr O'B,' who is amusing, but in whose existence we decline to believe.

From this time, the map which elucidates the narrative becomes more and more interesting, as we trace the slender red line along the road to Lake St Anne's, through fifty miles of park-like country, to the borders of the thick forest, stretching away to the mountains. When they came to the Pembina River, they crossed it easily, and 'prospected' for gold, finding a little. Soon they come into country 'into which no one but a Hudson's Bay voyageur would think of taking horses,' where the only sound ground is in narrow ridges between log-laden swamps. Now animal life becomes scanty, the waters are untenanted by wild-fowl, and the traces of the moose and black bear are few. But between the Pembina and Athabasca they find a beautiful bird, unknown elsewhere, which makes a strange sound, and they



call it 'the booming swallow.' They track a few grizzly bears, the terror of the Indian, and coming on some open ground, and a bright little river, they camp, to give the horses rest, and to try some hunting and fishing. Here the first terrible experience of their journey befel them; the forest took fire around their little clearing, and they rescued their horses and their supplies with incredible labour and difficulty. As they pursued their onward way, the clouds of smoke which hung in the air behind them shewed that the conflagration was raging still—to spread how far, to last how long, no man may ever know. On and on, to the banks of the Athabasca, whose steep sides are thickly clothed with pine, and spruce, and poplar. The fury of the turbulent stream dismays them, for how is it to be crossed? For the present, however, the trail follows the bank, and after a while it strikes a bare and rounded knoll. They climb the ascent, and, free of the level country and the dense forest, they get their first sight of the Rocky Mountains.

Ranges of pine-clad hills rise one above another towards the west, and parallel with them in the distance are the grand summits wrapped in eternal snow. Looking across the hills, they see a cleft in the mountain-ridge, clean cut as if with a knife, and a singular rock to the eastward, which they know to be La Roche à Myette: the cleft is that through which they are to pass into the intricacies of the mountain-chain, but they have much to do and endure before their weary steps shall reach the chasm, on which the sun shines, far away. On again through the river-valley, and to camp on a tiny prairie, rich with vetch-blossoms, but where the cold is hardly bearable, and the ice is thick on everything; and next day, at noon, they reach a small round lake, shut in on every side by rugged, precipitous, lofty mountains, and haunted by the melancholy loon. When the cleft is reached, and La Roche à Myette, the travellers are fairly in the Rocky Mountains; and when the toilsome ascent is completed, the reluctant horses dragged up the steep shelving pass, and river, lake, mountain, gorge, and valley lie in all their richness and variety of loveliness before the eyes of the travellers, even the Indian woman and the boy, roused from their stolid apathy, exclaim: 'How beautiful!' Having descended on the opposite side, and camped in the sandy plain, gorgeous with wild-flowers, they make hunting excursions, and are much visited by Indians of the Shushwap tribe. These creatures are kind and gentle, but very low in the scale of humanity. The Indians of the Rocky Mountains, when discovered by the Hudson's Bay Company, wandered barefoot and unclothed, save by a marmot's skin garment, among the barren rocks, and in the bitter cold of the fierce northern winter. They never sought the protection of the woods, but camped in open places, making but a small fire, and lying round it, their feet towards the flame, like the spokes of a wheel. The travellers remained some time in their camp, and then set forth again to face difficulties which increased with every day's journey. They turned from the valley of the Athabasca, and entered that of the Myette, encountering great danger in traversing the stream on horseback, and narrowly escaping the loss of a pack-horse laden with pemmican and flour. What with the rocks and rapids in the river, the logs and débris on the shore, which made their progress

a series of slow and difficult jumps, the perpetual wandering of the led-horses into marshes and brakes, and the consequent wetting of the packs, the slowness and toil of their progress, they might fairly have been discouraged; but they were not so, and that was well, for there was much worse to come. Refreshed and delighted by the beauty of Moose Lake, and the magnificence of the mighty cascades which they found to the south, and named the Rockingham Falls, they followed the Fraser River, and coming to an open space, rich in grass and vetches, which the famished horses eagerly devoured, they camped for some hours, and then began the descent, very gradual and continuous, of the western slope, carefully marking the change of vegetation on the Pacific side. The enlarged growth of the timber, the profusion of fallen trees, the entanglement of trailer and brushwood, made their journey infinitely difficult and laborious; and one day they came to a place where the trail passed along the face of a lofty cliff of crumbling slate, affording only a few inches of footing for the horses. They passed in safety, and named the terrible pathway, 'Mohammed's Bridge.' While making for the Tête Jaune Cache, and crossing the boiling, impetuous Fraser, not only were the lives of the party in imminent danger, but they sustained the serious loss of a pack-horse, which carried their whole store of tea, salt, tobacco, clothes, matches, and ammunition; all their papers, letters of credit, and valuables; Lord Milton's buffalo-robe and blanket; Dr Cheadle's collections of plants, instruments, and watch. The loss was sufficiently serious, but no actual necessary of life was gone; the pemmican and the flour remained, and they were soon to learn the value of every ounce of both, or either.

The onward way of the travellers from Tête Jaune Cache was full of toil and danger, and by degrees, hopelessness of succeeding in their object stole over them. A fortnight after they had crossed the Fraser, their provisions were reduced to ten pounds of pemmican, and an equal quantity of flour—not ten days' rations for the six. Game was scarce, and had it been otherwise, they could have killed but little with the few charges of powder that remained. Their horses were starving, their clothes were in rags, their moccasins had long ago been pieced with the remnants of their saddle-bags. They had but one small Indian axe with which to cut their way through they knew not what density of forest; and they had come to the end of the trail. Here, as they learned from an inscription on a tree, the emigrants, a strong party, had slaughtered their beasts for food, and trusted themselves on rafts to the river—a resource utterly impossible to the weakness and inefficiency of Lord Milton's party. The council they held was a sombre one; it was agreed that the Assiniboine should reconnoitre the country; and if he pronounced the feat practicable, that they should cut their way through the forest to Kamloops, an Indian station a hundred and thirty miles distant, as they calculated. The next day the Assiniboine started on his mission; and returned in the evening to report that the plan, though beset with difficulty, was possible, and carrying to the relief of the famishing party a small black bear, a portion of which they ate with great appetite, though they had neither bread nor salt to eat with it, tea to drink, nor tobacco to smoke after it. They had now, with economy, provisions for a

week, and they took heart again, for, said the Assiniboine: '*Nous arriverons bientôt.*'

Into the trackless forest they plunged, no trail now to follow, no landmark to watch for, the Assiniboine going first, the others following and driving three horses apiece in single file. The toil of that progress is not to be told in words, and can hardly be exaggerated by any fancy, however vivid. They accomplished it—that brave little band—through fatigue so terrible as to be almost maddening, through lengthened, sickening pangs of hunger, through uncertainty and dread; for how were they to know where egress was to be found—how were they to be sure that they were not plunging more and more deeply into the forest, to die in its remorseless heart, when the animals they had with them should all have been slaughtered and eaten. They accomplished it, though their main guide and helper, the Assiniboine, a one-handed man, lost the use of his one hand from wounds in his woodcutter's task of felling the trees to let them through; and was replaced in his laborious post by his patient, heroic wife; though they were frequently brought to a stand-still by solid blocks of fallen timber, many feet in height; though they had to cross marsh and quagmire, and to find the temporary promise of the level land betrayed by ever-rising ranks of mountain-range beyond; though they had only berries to eat, and a decoction made from the leaves of the white azalea to drink. They accomplished it, though the moral no less than the physical side of their natures was sorely tried—though they paused to read an awful warning, a terrific threat, in the depth of the forest. One day, when they were, perforce, resting, weary of hunger and labour, the Assiniboine left them to search for food, and returned to tell them he had found a dead man. A few hundred yards from their camp, an awful, unsuspected neighbour sat at the foot of a large pine. A ghastly, headless figure the dead man sat, the legs crossed, the arms clasped round the knees, bending over the ashes of a small fire. The tattered clothes hung round the shrunken form, and an axe, a kettle, a fire-bag, and two baskets lay near the feet. Something more lay there also, and told the story of the dead man's fate; it was a heap of broken bones, the fragments of a horse's head, chipped into the smallest pieces, from which the Indian had sucked every particle of nutriment before he had cowered over his fire at the foot of the pine-tree and died of starvation. The white men searched in vain for the head of the corpse; it was not to be found; then they took the axe, the steel, the fishing-line, and the hooks, and turned silently away. The aid they sorely needed had come to them from the nameless dead. The slight relics of the Indian, whose fate was never to be known to his fellows, have their place among the trophies and the treasures of the Wentworth Fitzwilliams. Not the least strange and solemn of the recollections they will carry with them all their lives will be that of the ghastly figure, often seen, doubtless, in their dreams, since then, sitting motionless in its patient attitude, in the depth of the primeval forest, never, in all probability, to be seen again by human eyes, or disturbed until the resurrection.

Yes, in spite of all, these English gentlemen carried out their purpose. They killed two of their horses, and lived as sparingly as possible upon the dried meat; they ate marten's and skunk's flesh; they caught some fish, but very few; they

shot and ate a porcupine; they fasted as courageously as was possible; they never despaired; and they worked indefatigably. They cheered up the spirits of the Assiniboines; they resolutely kept discouragement at bay; they plodded on and on; and one glorious morning in July they heard the 'caw! caw!' of a flight of crows, telling of open country near at hand. They saw branches cut with a knife by a man's hand; they found marten-traps, and struck a trail; the valley expanded; and two days later they emerged on a beautiful prairie, and saw before them free open country, bright grass-lands, and the blessed evidences of human life.

#### THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

ENLIVENING guest! Fairly thine image dwells

Before the eye, e'en at the 'Fall of Year;'

Now, when sharp winds in leaf-strewn corners moan,

Where Summer's relics whirl, in eddying zone!

'Tis loving Bounty, that your stem compels

To rear such floral crowns, of pleasant cheer!

Say, who shall note the swift uprising band

Of garden-guests, that beautify the earth,

From that fresh time when snow-drops sweetly fling

Their modest jewels on the lap of Spring,

Till, in the Fall—'mid sere leaves o'er the land—

Ye come, chrysanthemums, like friends of worth:

Late in your advent—yet the more to share

The joy of children, and the smiles of age!

Of leaves so cut, in forms so fair designed,

That leaf and blossom both will charm the mind;

We turn from *this*, on *that* our thoughts to spare,

Till both in speculation sweet engage.

The sun's power slackens; yet our garden-walks

With lustre of sweet hues grow fair once more;

Till up to HIM, who all your beauty sways,

Mounts from the heart the incense of our praise,

Stirred by the vision of your star-decked stalks—

Treasures of charming grace, of joys a store!

Kind the CREATIVE HAND that gave to bloom

Such late luxuriant flowers in Autumn air!

Love grateful marks the power that wrapped in bud

The pearly petals that your crowns bestud

With stellar shapes, which chase November's gloom,

And deck with glories new the fading year.

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